

## Tea Party by Janaynay

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, erica is a sass bucket, lucas is a good boyfriend, lucas is a good brother, max is insecure, more lumax sweetness

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Erica Sinclair, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield

**Relationships:** Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-07-25

**Updated:** 2018-07-25

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 05:15:48

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,367

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

I wrote and originally posted this fic on Tumblr after receiving this prompt for Lumax: "Oh my God, dude - what the hell is in this cup?"

## Tea Party

“And now its time for tea! I’ll be right back,” Erica announced, turning on her heels and running to the kitchen.

“You know, you don’t have to do this,” Lucas said, stickers on his cheeks and a tiara perched delicately on his head.

Max held back a giggle. “Neither do you,” she reasoned. “Erica invited me over for a tea party, after all.”

“I know, I just...I wanted to spend time with you too,” Lucas sighed, then gestured to his outfit. “Believe me, Mad Max, I don’t get dressed up like this for just anyone.”

He looked ridiculous, which was likely Erica’s point. Stickers on his cheeks, tiara on his head, pink shawl draped over his shoulders. Max had gotten off only slightly better, with a star on each cheek and an old lady’s sunhat, adorned with fake flowers and feathers. Still, Max thought the whole situation was kind of cute.

“Well don’t I feel special!” Max giggled this time, then winced as Erica slammed another cupboard. “What is she even doing in there?”

Lucas scowled slightly, his eyes filled with concern. “You don’t wanna know.”

He scrunched up his brow, his lips a tight line. “And I speak from experience, you won’t want to drink it. Erica doesn’t know how to make tea, so she usually just puts in whatever she can find. Listen, whatever you do, don’t dr-“

“TEA TIME!” Erica burst into the room, holding onto a tea cup carefully. “I only had enough to make one cup, so we’ll have to share it.”

“I’ll go first,” Lucas said, reaching for the cup.

Erica smacked his hand away. “RUDE. NERDS GO LAST.” She readjusted her own tiara, then smiled sweetly at Max. “Guests and princesses go first.”

Lucas rolled his eyes as Max giggled again. Erika carefully handed her the tea cup, filled to the brim with...tea.

“Thank you, Erica,” Max said, eying Lucas pointedly. She lifted the cup to her mouth before stopping abruptly. Her eyes widened, staring at the tea, and darted to Lucas before she turned to Erika, who was waiting expectantly.

“Um, Erica,” Max sputtered, “do you have, could I have, is, um...”

“Yes?” Erica asked, with a tone of impatience.

“A saucer!” Max exclaimed. “I mean, do you have a saucer for this tea cup? Its not a proper tea party without a saucer to go underneath.”

Erica blanched, and leapt to her feet. “Yes, I can’t believe I forgot! I’ll go get it!”

As Erica ran off, Max gripped the cup tightly and looked at Lucas, incredulous. “Oh my God, dude – what the hell is in this cup?”

Lucas glanced over at the beige substance in the cup, the consistency of yogurt but with bright colored lumps visible, and shuddered. “I told you, she doesn’t know how to make tea!”

Max couldn’t look away from the cup. “Oh, God. Lucas, what do I do? I don’t wanna hurt her feelings, she actually seems to like me.”

“She does like you - more than she likes me, anyway,” Lucas grumbled, gesturing at his outfit once more.

Normally Max would have teased him, but she worried at her lip with her teeth and continued to stare into the cup of death in her hands. “I know, and I’d like to keep it that way. Wait, is that a *noodle*?! Oh God, maybe she doesn’t like me after all.”

Max slumped her shoulders and in that moment, Lucas knew what he had to do. It would be the most selfless and gallant thing he had ever done.

He lifted her chin to look at him. He opened his mouth to speak when

Erica emerged from the kitchen, saucer in hand.

“I got the saucer! Now we can FINALLY have tea.” She placed the saucer on the table in front of Max.

Max managed a tight smile as she placed the tea cup on the saucer before lifting both the cup and saucer with her hands. Slowly she picked up the cup, trembling slightly.

Just as it was about to reach her lips, Lucas shot his arm out, grabbed the cup, threw his head back and chugged its contents.

“LUCAS!” Erica screeched. She grabbed his arm, but the cup was empty, a thick line of beige across his top lip.

“Sorry,” he quipped cheekily. “I was just soooo thirsty.”

“You ruined my tea party! MOM!” Erica stormed out of the house toward the garden.

Max stared at Lucas, her jaw slack in shock and her eyes wide. She opened her mouth to say something when Lucas held up a hand to cut her off.

“Max, you’d better go home now. I...I don’t really want you see this.”

“See what?” Max asked, finally finding her voice. But Lucas didn’t answer. Instead, he ran as fast as he could to the bathroom and slammed the door.

Max took off her hat, grabbed her bag and made her way to the back door, sticking her head out and calling to Erica before she left. “Sorry about the tea party, Erica. Um, can we try again tomorrow?”

Erica still looked angry but she nodded her head, sending her pigtails flying.

“I’ll come again tomorrow, but on a few conditions,” Max explained.

It might take some negotiating, but she was going to make it up to both Erica and Lucas, and she knew exactly how.

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"You know, you don't have to do this," Lucas said, scratching his cheek where a new sticker sat.

"I know," Max replied, fiddling with a string on his shawl. "I just wanted to spend time with you. Also, I owe you for yesterday. I owe you big time."

Lucas blushed, but looked at her quizzically. "If you want to make it up to me, I can think of 100 other ways than making me join the tea party again."

"Don't worry, I got this," Max smiled. "Besides, you did kinda wreck Erica's tea party, so today you're going to make it up to her. And I'm going to make it up to you."

Max reached into her bag and pulled out a box of cookies and 2 bottles of iced tea. "I told Erica we could have a tea party again if I brought the supplies."

Lucas looked relieved, then smiled and rubbed his palms together. "Okay, this is a tea party I can get behind!"

Max beamed, glad to have made him smile, and to protect him from Erica's deadly concoctions. She had wondered that night how many of those Lucas had politely sipped in his lifetime, the sweet older brother that he was. He knew how awful it could be, but he willingly did it again just so she wouldn't have to, and so Erica wouldn't be upset with her. Lucas was just so good in so many ways, it made Max's heart feel so full it hurt.

Max scooted a little closer to Lucas, dropping her voice a bit. "Also, I didn't want you to do that again - to, you know, *puke*," she almost whispered the last word. Lucas groaned and hid his face in his hands.

"Because," Max took his hands and held them between them, though Lucas stubbornly kept his eyes squeezed shut, "if you puked again today, I wouldn't be able to do this."

Lucas jerked slightly in surprise when he felt her lips on his, her hand leaving his to rest on his stickered cheek. He quickly recovered to kiss

her properly - well, as effectively as he could given the smile on his face and Max's hat bumping into his head. They both started to giggle as Max's hat finally fell off behind her. Lucas reached over to plop it back on her head.

"My hero," Max declared, clutching her chest dramatically, causing Lucas to laugh before he leaned in to kiss her again. Their lips had hardly touched before they heard a throat being cleared loudly behind them.

They turned sheepishly to face Erika, who bore holes into them with her eyes, her brows raised and her hands on her hips.

"Now that *THAT'S* out of the way," she rolled her eyes dramatically, coming to sit beside Max, "who's ready for tea?"